

SUB- MARINER

SPRING-
ISSUE

NO.
19

10c

COMICS





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that saves many, many dollars in dry cleaning bills.

LOCKET

Beautifully Embossed Heart Locket, 15-inch chain. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes at 25c each.



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COWBOY DUFFY. Regular Texas Type POINT and decorated holster with leather belt — all GIVEN for selling only one order at per catalog.



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Big barrel. Lever action filler. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



EXCITING WALKY-TALKY

Built for action. Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order at Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c per box and returning the money collected.



Candid Type CAMERA

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With many compartments for currency and protected pockets for membership cards, credit cards, etc. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes at 25c each as explained in our catalog.

TELESCOPE

for spotting planes, building and vacations. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each as explained in our FREE catalog. Just send this coupon for your order to start. WE TRUST YOU.



Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-684, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name
Address
City State
GIFT Wanted

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-684, JEFFERSON, IOWA

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SUB-MARINER



WHAT COULD BE A MORE DANGEROUS FOE THAN A CUNNING CRIMINAL WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MINDS OF MEN? THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH A HUMAN BEING OF EVIL INTENT---WHO SEEKS AND GAINS A DEVASTATING POWER AGAINST MEN! PITTED AGAINST SUCH A BIZARRE ENEMY, SUB-MARINER FINDS A BAFFLING BARRIER AND HIS MOST DARING CASE, AS HE USES BLASTING FISTS AND RAZOR-SHARP WITS AGAINST ----

"The WIZARD of CRIME!"

ONE CLOUD-RIDDEN DAY, AT THE GATES OF THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM...

WELL, RAYMOND CARTEL, YOU'RE A FREE MAN AGAIN... CURED AFTER 5 YEARS. ANY PLANS?

INDEED, YES! I'M GOING BACK TO MY SCIENTIFIC WORK!

MY PAST MENTAL DISORDER HAS GIVEN ME DETERMINATION TO MAKE A THOROUGH STUDY OF THE MIND... TO PROBE ALL ITS SECRETS!



DON'T TAKE IT SO SERIOUSLY, RAYMOND. YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF NOT THINKING OF THE MIND AT ALL!

AH, BUT I HAVE A WAY. NO MIND WILL HOLD A MYSTERY FOR ME!

LATER THAT DAY...

MY OLD HOUSE... MY LAB... HERE I CAN WORK IN PEACE

AND SOLITUDE... I CAN SCARCELY WAIT TO START MY THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE MACHINE!



TOIL, TOIL, DAY AND NIGHT... AND FINALLY...

IT'S DONE!! AS SOON AS I ATTACH IT ON MYSELF, AND PRESS THE BUTTON, I'LL CATCH THOUGHT-VIBRATIONS WITHIN 500 YARDS OF ME!

IN QUICK MINUTES, RAYMOND STEPS OUT AND FINDS HIS FIRST SUBJECT...

SO THAT'S THE GINK WHO LIVES HERE? HE'S SURE SOME HOMELY SAW-BONES!

BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP, MY MAN! I HAVE BRAINS!



HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING?

GET ALONG, MY STUPID FELLOW!

IT WORKS!

LATER THAT DAY.....

AH, THERE'S ANOTHER SUBJECT! SEEMS DEEP IN THOUGHT... WONDER WHY HE'S WEARING A SWIM-SUIT? IT'S COOL OUT... WELL, I'LL SOON KNOW!



GOT AN HOUR TO KILL BEFORE I SWIM OVER TO THE ROCKY POINT CLUB AND NAB THAT CHROMO-STOCK SWINDLING GANG. I WANT TO CATCH THEIR LEADER, LYNCH MASON!

FUNNY... I FELT THAT QUEER-LOOKING BIRD WAS STARING AT ME... OR IS IT JUST MY IMAGINATION?

NO, IT WASN'T YOUR IMAGINATION! HA! I'VE READ HIS MIND!



SOON AFTER... THE PHONE RINGS AT THE ROCKY POINT CLUB....

SAY... HE MUST BE THAT FAMOUS CRIME-FIGHTER, SUB-MARINER.... MMM, I OUGHT TO PROFIT BY HIS THOUGHTS. PROFIT! WHY SHOULDN'T I?

I'M RAYMOND CARTEL AT 302 RIVEREND AVENUE. I'VE INFORMATION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO YOU. IT WILL SAVE YOU FROM PRISON. I'LL SELL IT FOR \$1,000!

IF YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHIN', WE'LL BUY. WE AIN'T PIKERS. WHAT'VE YOU GOT?



ANOTHER MOMENT'S CONVERSATION,
AND THE THUG HANGS UP EXCITEDLY!

A BIRD NAMED CARTEL
PHONED WITH A HOT
TIP! SAYS SUB-MARINERS
COMIN' HERE IN AN
HOUR TO CLOSE IN!

WE CAN'T
TAKE A
CHANCE!
PHONE LYNCH
TO GET HERE
AHEAD OF TIME,
WITH THE BOAT!

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...

LYNCH! THAT TIP
WAS O.K.! WE SCRAM-
MED JUST IN TIME!
THE HUMAN FISH IS
SWIMMIN' TOWARD
THE CLUB!

WISE-
GUY'S
DUE
FOR
A SUR-
PRISE!

AT THE
SAME TIME...

THAT BOAT
WAS DOCKED
NEAR THE CLUB... SOME-
THING TELLS ME I'D
BETTER INVESTIGATE IT
FIRST!

IN BULLET-SPEED SECONDS,
THE FAMED SPEED-SWIMMER
OVERTAKES THE BOAT... BUT, AS HE
STARTS TO CLIMB ABOARD...



NAMOR PLUMMETS TO THE
RIVER'S BOTTOM...
THEN RECOVERS...

THEY GOT AWAY! MIGHT
AS WELL LOOK IN THE
CLUB!



COMPLETELY ABANDONED! SOME-
ONE MUST'VE TIPPED THEM OFF,
BUT WHO? HOW? IT BEATS ME!



NOT LONG AFTER, RAYMOND RECEIVES VISITORS...

LYNCH SENT US TO PAY YOU. THE TIP WAS ON THE LEVEL. WE'VE SET UP NEW HEAD-QUARTERS!

YES... I KNOW... IN THE OLD KEYBOARD CLUB ON SOUTHERN STREET. I JUST READ YOUR MIND!

SAY, WE CAN USE YOU! HOW ABOUT JOININ' OUR MOB?

NOT JUST NOW... BUT SHOULD I EVER NEED YOUR HELP, I'LL SURELY CALL ON YOU!

THE NEXT DAY, IN A SWANK RESTAURANT...

SAY... THAT'S WALDO SIMS, THE BANKER. HE'S THINKING OF HIS SAFE COMBINATION IN HIS HOME. NO WONDER... HE JUST PUT \$10,000 IN IT TO-NIGHT... WON'T HE BE SURPRISED!

A WEEK PASSES, AND...

THIS IS THE FIFTH BIG ROBBERY IN A WEEK! MRS. VANDER'S \$50,000 NECK-LACE WAS STOLEN!

EXTRA \$50,000 NECKLACE STOLEN!

AND LOOK! THE SKELETON-HEAD CALLING CARD WAS LEFT AGAIN!

MEANWHILE, THE GLOATING MIND-READER PLANS AN ADDITIONAL CHANNEL OF SUCCESS!

WE LIKE YOUR ACT! I THINK WE CAN BOOK YOU IN A SHOW STARTING SATURDAY. WE GET 20% OF THE SALARY!

YOU'RE WILLING TO SETTLE FOR 10%... I JUST READ YOUR MIND!

AS TIME GOES BY...

WISH I COULD CRACK THIS CASE... THIS CALLING CARD ROBBER IS HARD TO CRACK!

HI, NAMOR! DON'T LOOK SO SERIOUS!



HI, BETTY, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I'M ON MY WAY TO THE STAR THEATRE TO SEE THE SENSATIONAL MIND-READER-RAYMOND. COME ALONG, NAMOR!



NOW DON'T BE SO RELUCTANT. BEE, WE'RE HERE ALREADY!

SAY... THAT PICTURE OF RAYMOND LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE I'VE SEEN BEFORE!



COME ON, BOB. YOU'LL ENJOY THE SHOW!

I'M KIND OF NERVOUS WITH THAT BIG SALVAGE DIVING-JOB SCHEDULED FOR 5 O'CLOCK!

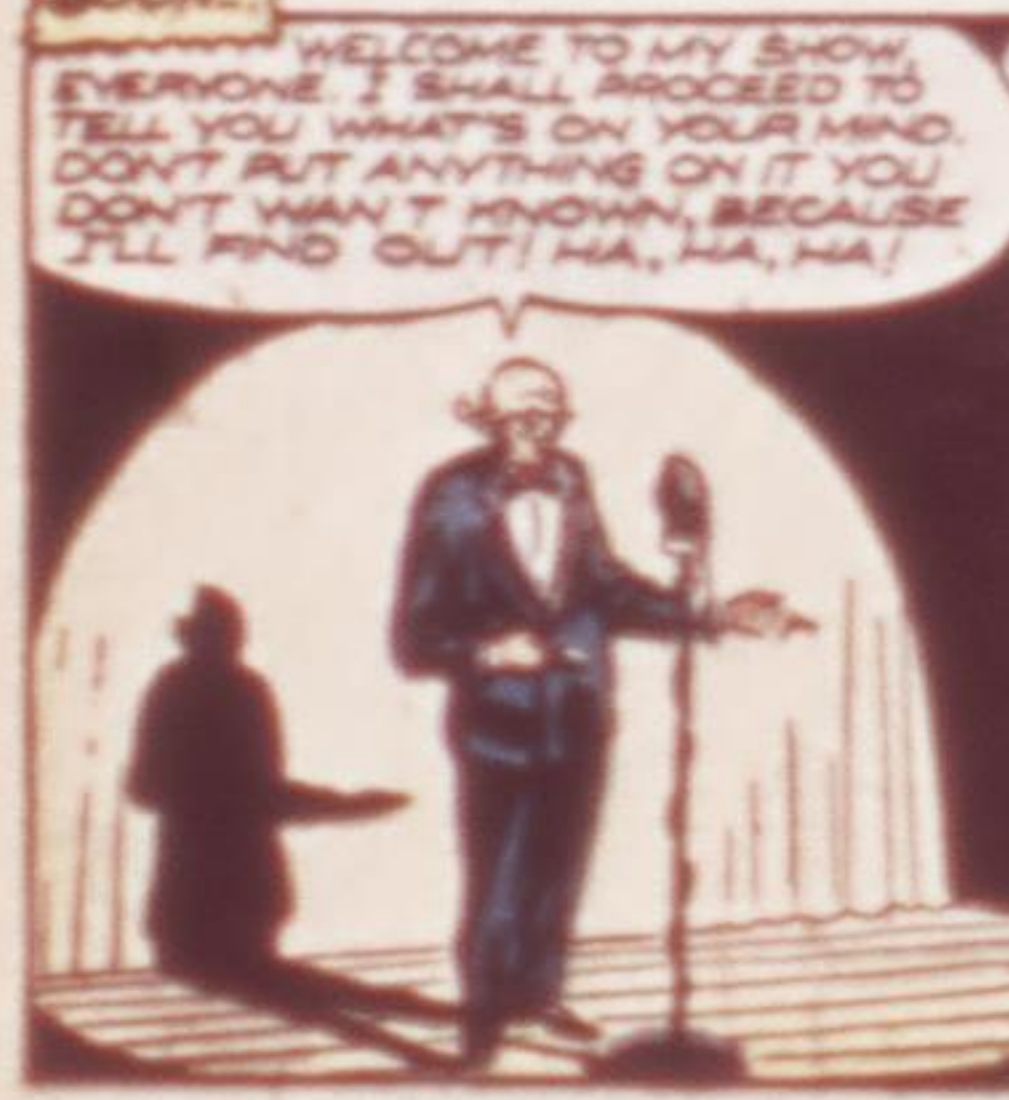
SALVAGE JOB? HMM!

BUT, BOB, YOU'VE DONE LOADS OF DIVING-JOBS!

HEAR THAT? QUARTER OF A MILLION, WHEW!

EXCEPT THIS IS A QUARTER MILLION IN GOLD!

SOON...



WELCOME TO MY SHOW, EVERYONE. I SHALL PROCEED TO TELL YOU WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND. DON'T PUT ANYTHING ON IT YOU DON'T WANT KNOWN, BECAUSE I'LL FIND OUT! HA, HA, HA!



HMM, WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIM BEFORE? IT'S COMING BACK TO ME!

LADY, YOU'RE WONDERING WHETHER YOUR HUSBAND WAS AT A LODGE MEETING LAST NIGHT!

I GOT IT, BETTY! THAT MIND-READER WAS ON THE RIVER WHARF THE DAY I WAS SET TO NAB THE LYNCH GANG. HE WAS WATCHING ME... SAY... DID HE READ MY THOUGHTS? IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION!

DO YOU THINK HE'S USING HIS POWER FOR A CROOKED CHAIN?

YOU, YOUNG LADY- YOU'RE JEAN JOHNSON, AND YOU'RE PLANNING TO MARRY THE YOUNG MAN NEXT TO YOU!

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING! IT'S WONDERFUL!



THE AMAZING PERFORMANCE WINDS UP IN A TREMENDOUS BURST OF APPLAUSE...

IT RAYMOND'S DRESSING ROOM.

I'M GOING BACK STAGE, BETTY. WAIT OUTSIDE... I THINK YOU'LL HAVE A BIGGER STORY THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!

GO TO IT, NAMOR!

WE DROPPED IN TO SEE IF YOU WANTED US YET!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME... I JUST LEARNED THE DETAILS OF A BIG SALVAGE JOB FROM SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE!



I'LL START THE CLEANUP WITH YOU!

STOP HIM! HE HEARD OUR PLANS. HE...

WE'LL GET HIM!





ALREADY
OFF
PIRATE
ISLE,
FERRET
EYES
ARE
BUSILY
PEERING
THROUGH
BINOCULARS

THEY GOT THE
GOLD!

O.K.! WE'RE
MOVING IN!

WHAT A PROFITABLE
DAY!

O.K.! WE'RE TAKIN'
OVER!

TOO LATE TO SAVE LIVES! BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP
THE REST OF IT!

IT'S ALL OURS,
MEN! LOAD IT
ON OUR BOAT!
STEP ON IT!

WAIT...!! I FEEL
A NEW UN-
FRIENDLY
THOUGHT-
VIBRATION
MOVING IN!

AS THE GUNMEN DRAW WEAPONS
OF DEATH....

THE
FISH!
UGH!

VIBRATING MY
FISTS RIGHT
INTO YOU!

I CAN
GET
AWAY!

SOON...

NOT SO FAST, MASTER-MIND! YOUR CHUMS ARE OUT... AND IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!

AH... I'M IN LUCK! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

DEFT MOVE, AND...

NOW, IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, I'LL SHOOT THIS FELLOW!

GOSH, I WAS IN THE HOLL AND DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING!

AS THE SEA-PRINCE IS HELD AT BAY, THE RUTHLESS GUNMEN RECOVER, AND...

WATCH OUT, SUB-MARINER! WHY, YOU RATS!

A comic book illustration showing a man in a suit and hat swinging a baton at a shirtless man. Other men in suits are in the background. The scene is set on a ship's deck with a large wheel visible. A speech bubble from the man in the suit reads: "WATCH OUT, SUB-MARINER! WHY, YOU RATS!". The illustration is in a classic comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette.

IN QUICK TIME, THE STRICKEN SUB-MARINER AND THE HELPLESS DIVER ARE IMPRISONED!

THIS'LL SEAL THEM TIGHT, AND WITH NO AIR...
HA! HA!

NOT LONG AFTER...

OH... WHAT'S THIS? WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

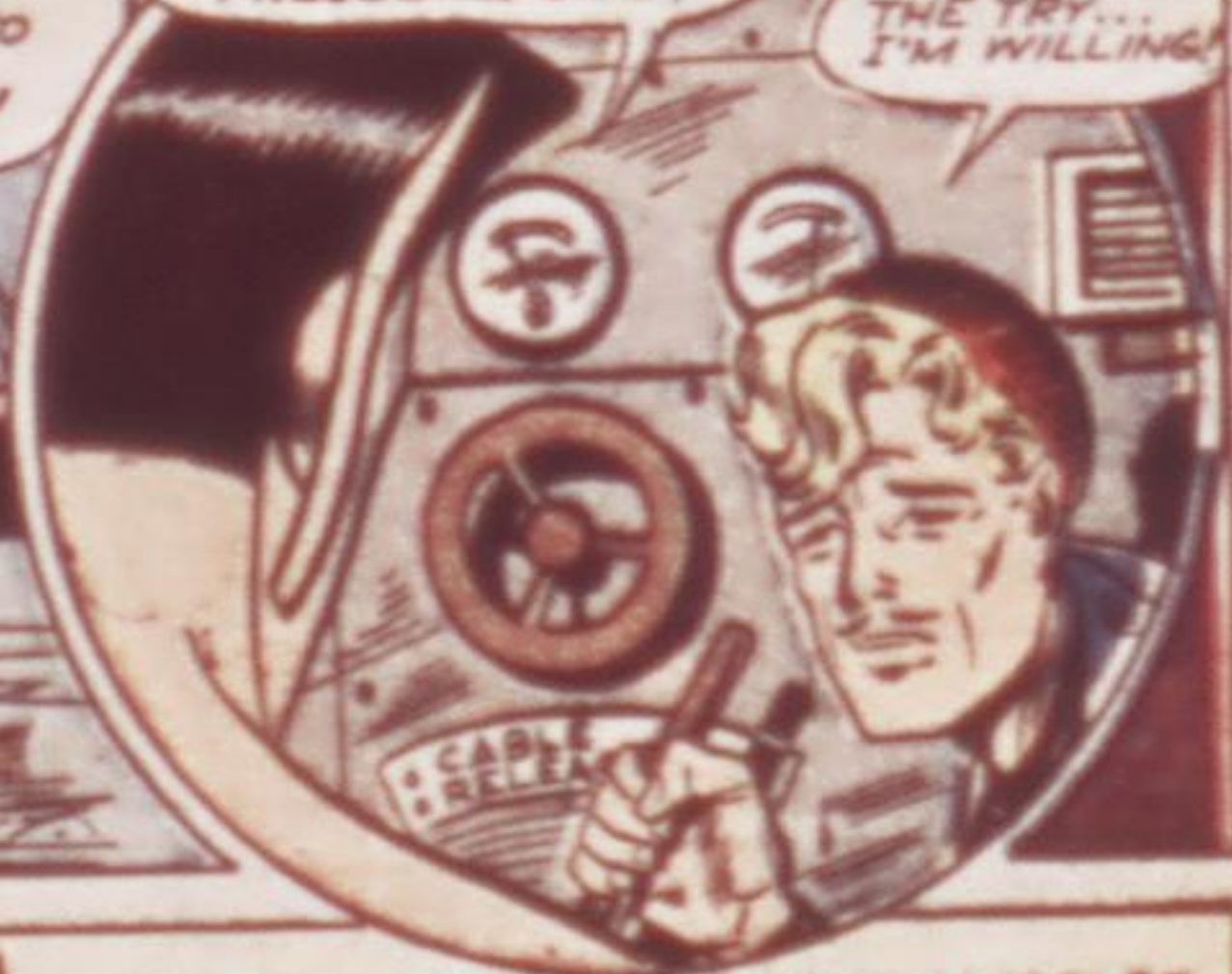
YOU SAID IT! AIR'S GOING FAST! NO WAY OUT... IT'S THE END!

CAN'T... BREAK...
THROUGH... MY
STRENGTH IS
GONE WITHOUT
WATER... WE
CAN'T BE FAR
UNDER... DON'T
FEEL PRESSURE.
BOB, IS THERE
ANY WAY TO
LOWER US TO
THE BOTTOM?

YES. THIS IS
A NEW MODEL,
EQUIPPED WITH
CABLE-RELEASE.
JOSH... I'M
BEGINNING TO
SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN!

THE WATER-PRESSURE
WILL BREAK THE SEAL!
HOW LONG CAN YOU
WITHSTAND GREAT
PRESSURE, BOB?

18 SECONDS
... BEFORE
THE BENDS
COME ON...
IT'S WORTH
THE TRY...
I'M WILLING!

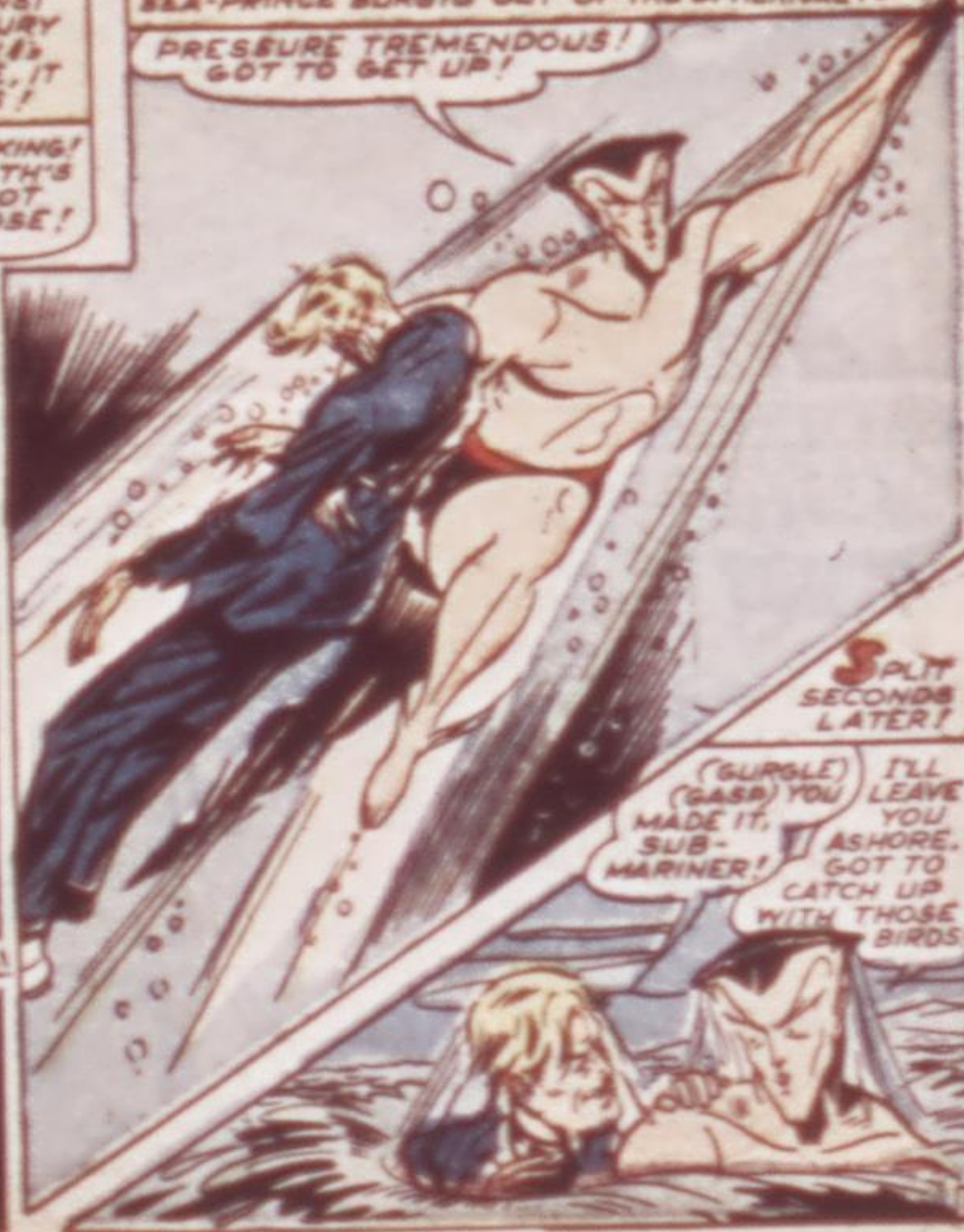


THE HUGE BELL
PLUNGES DOWNWARD
AND, PITTED AGAINST
THE TORRENTIAL FURY
OF FAST-INCREASING
WATER-PRESSURE, IT
FINALLY YIELDS!

THE SEAL'S BREAKING!
WATER! STRENGTH'S
COMING BACK! NOT
A SECOND TO LOSE!

WITH CYCLONIC SPEED, THE IRON-MUSCLED
SEA-PRINCE BURSTS OUT OF THE SPHERICAL TOMB!

PRESSURE TREMENDOUS!
GOT TO GET UP!



SPLIT
SECONDS
LATER!

(GURGLE)
(GASP) YOU
MADE IT,
SUB-
MARINER!

I'LL
LEAVE
YOU
ASHORE.
GOT TO
CATCH UP
WITH THOSE
BIRDS!



SUB-MARINER



A LOVELY LADY, OWNER OF A FABULOUS FORTUNE, LEADS THE MIGHTY SUBMARINER ON A MENACING CHASE! FROM MURDER TO A MENTAL ASYLUM! REAL-LIFE PERIL AND CRASHING DELUSION! SUCH IS THE WHIRLWIND CHAIN OF EVENTS OF A THRILLING MYSTERY THAT SUBMARINER SOLVES WITH SMASHING SURPRISE IN "THE CASE OF THE FLEEING HEIRESS!"



PAST THE NEW YORK WATER-FRONT SWIMS SUBMARINER, HUNTING ADVENTURE—WHEN...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A MESSAGE ATTACHED TO THAT STICK!

LUCILLE KENNEDY? WHO'S SHE? AND WHO'S BEN OLIVER? WELL, NO MATTER—I'LL KEEP THIS DATE!

*Submariner:
Meet me in 5
minutes
at the rocks
past next
pier. It's a
matter of saving
the life of
Lucille Kennedy
Ben Oliver*



THERE'S THE PLACE—AND—OH, OH... TROUBLE!

The LIGHTNING-FAST SEA PRINCE SPEEDS ASHORE!

YOU'RE GOING NO PLACE, KILLER!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? OH, OH... MORE OF THEM!

GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, AND WHAT A BREAK!

A BREAK FOR
HIS SKULL!



SHORT MOMENTS
AFTER...



THEY GOT AWAY! AND WITH
THE CORPSE, TOO — I'LL BET
THAT WAS BEN OLIVER! NOW
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO
LUCILLE KENNEDY IS! MAYBE
BETTY CAN HELP! IT'S A
SHORT SWIM OVER TO HER
NEWS OFFICE!

SOON, NAMOR
IS CONSULTING
BETTY — AND
THE GIRL
NEWSHAWK
CONSULTS
HER FILES!

THAT'S THE GAIL, NAMOR!
SHE LIVES AT THE GRANDE
HOTEL ON PARK AVENUE!
I'VE INTERVIEWED HER
THERE! SHE'S A VIVACIOUS
RED-HEAD WITH BLUE
EYES AND... BUT WHY ARE
YOU SO INTERESTED?



NOTHING, NOTHING — JUST THAT
HER LIFE IS IN DANGER, AND
I'M ON MY WAY TO THE GRANDE
HOTEL! THERE'S BEEN ONE
MURDER ALREADY!

MURDER!
WAIT
FOR ME!



SO THAT'S THE
STORY! WE'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT WHAT
NAMOR! LOOK!
THERE SHE IS!
THAT'S LUCILLE!



BUT AS RAMOR AND BETTY RACE TO THE SCENE, THE TAXI IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY!



GET IN, QUICK! DRIVER, FOLLOW THAT BLUE CAB!

LEAVE IT TO ME!

DOWN PARK AVENUE STREAKS THE BLUE TAXI— INTO GRAND CENTRAL STATION!



GOOD WORK, DRIVER! WE'LL GET OUT HERE!

BUT AS THE PATH CLEARS AGAIN...



BEG PARDON, MISS!

DARN THIS MOB! NOW WE'VE LOST HER!

BUT AS THE PATH CLEARS AGAIN...



THERE SHE IS— BOARDING THE TRAIN! COME ON!

HEY, YOU CAN'T GO IN, IN YOUR SWIMMING— I'LL BE HANGED! IT'S SUBMARINER!

WE GOT ON JUST IN TIME! TRAIN'S MOVING! BUT I DON'T SEE ANY LUCILLE!



WE'LL GO THROUGH ALL CARS—UNTIL WE FIND HER! SHE CERTAINLY SEEMED TO BE RUNNING FROM SOMETHING! SHE DIDN'T EVEN CARRY LUGGAGE!

A SEARCH THROUGH THE ENTIRE TRAIN— BUT NO MISS KENNEDY!



PORTER, HAVE YOU SEEN A YOUNG LADY— RED-HEAD, WEARING A GREEN SUIT, SLIM, PRETTY?

NO SIR, BUT SHE SURE SOUNDS GOOD! AH! I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

IF YOU SEE HER, PLEASE LET US KNOW AT ONCE... WE'LL BE IN THE LAST CAR!

THAT RED-HEAD... I SAW
HER GET OFF THE FIRST
CAR WHEN WE STOPPED
BY THE RIVER JUNCTION
A MINUTE AGO!

WE'RE STARTING
OVER THE
BRIDGE! I
CAN MAKE IT!

As THE TRAIN ROARS OVER THE RIVER TRESTLE...

CREEPING CATFISH!
THAT'S HER AGAIN!

GEE, I BET THAT'S
SUBMARINER!

OH, GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT A STUNT
DIVE!

MINUTES LATER...

IT'S DOCKED ALREADY!
DIDN'T GO MORE THAN
HALF A MILE... LOOKS
LIKE THE GAIL'S HEADED
FOR THAT SHACK, AND
HERE'S WHERE I CATCH
UP WITH HER!

THE NEXT
MINUTE...

IT WORKED! HE FOLLOWED
ME ALL THE WAY! I
PAID THE PORTER TO
TELL HIM WHEN I GOT
OFF THE TRAIN - AND
FISHFACE DIDN'T
WASTE A MINUTE!

HA-HA!
RIGHT
IN OUR
TRAP!

HE'S GOIN'
AROUND THE
BACK WAY!
GET SET!



ADVENTS LATER...WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
NANOR, UNFETTERED, UNHARMED,
LYING ON A QUIET SHORE...

HOW DID I GET BACK HERE? THE
CRASH...THE EXPLOSION...AM I
LUCKY TO SURVIVE? MUST'VE GOT
OUT OF THOSE CHAINS JUST IN
TIME FOR MYSE THEY WERE
CRASHED WHEN THAT WHISTLE!
SOUNDS LIKE A POLICE-BOAT!



SUBMARINER RELATES THE FIRST
EXCITING EVENTS...

A BOAT CRASH AND EXPLOSION!
BUT NANOR, WE'VE
BEEN ON THE RIVER THE
PAST HALF HOUR, AND DIDN'T
SEE A SIGN OF A BOAT-WRECK!
AND WE DIDN'T HEAR ANY-
THING, EITHER!



THAT CAN'T BE!
I WAS FOLLOWING
HER TOO, SHERIFF!

HAVE YOU CRACKED UP LIKE SUB-
MARINER, OR YOU JUST TRYING
TO HELP HIM OUT WITH HIS
STORY?



NO THAT'S THE TRUTH! LUCILLE IS AT HAPPY LAND,
HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED
SOMEONE IMPERSONATING
HER!

DON, AN OFFICIAL BOAT
ANCHORS IN THE COVE!

SURPRISE! I GOT OFF THE TRAIN
AT THE NEXT TOWN, AND SUMMONED
THE HARBOR DETROL! THE SHERIFF
WAS AT THE STATION AND CAME
ALONG TOO...WE'VE BEEN ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR YOU...WHAT HAPPEN-
ED? DID YOU FIND LUCILLE?



CREEPING
CATFISH!
IT'S GONE!

SO! YOU WERE IN A SHACK THAT AIN'T
HERE, YOU WERE IN A BOAT-WRECK
THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN! AND ANOTHER
THING! THAT GAIL YOU SAID YOU WERE
FOLLOWING! YOU COULDN'T OF BEEN,
BECAUSE LUCILLE KENNEDY IS IN
HAPPY LAND SANATORIUM, OUT OF
HER MIND! SHE WAS COMMITTED
THERE YESTERDAY!



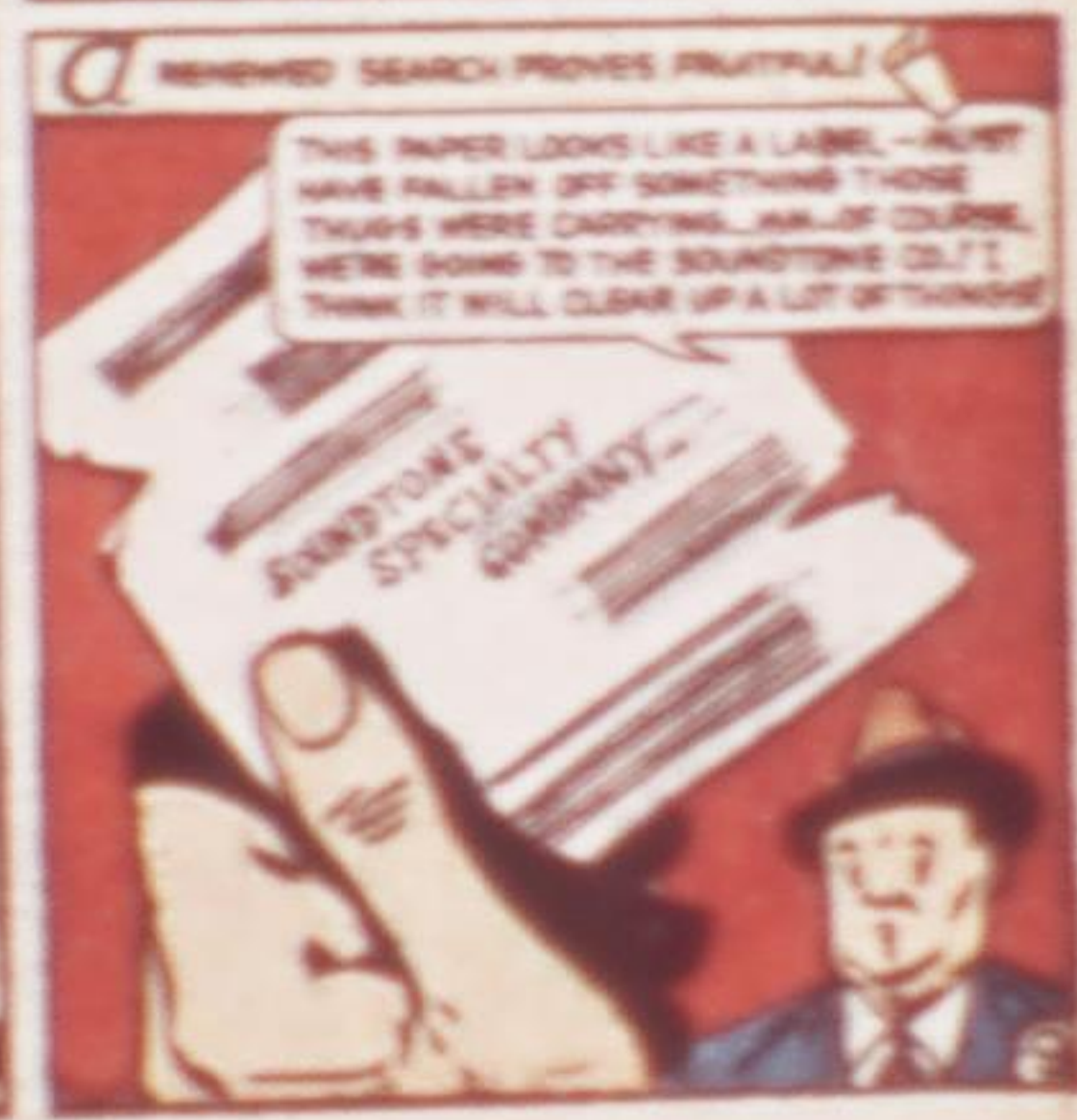
WHERE IS HAPPY
LAND? I'VE GOT
TO GO THERE AND
SEE THE REAL
LUCILLE!

I'LL SHOW YOU JUST
WHERE IT IS! THE
DETROL BOAT'LL TAKE
US OVER! WHEN WE
GET THERE, I'LL HAVE
THE DOC LOOK
AFTER YOU!



OH, SHERIFF
GIVE NANOR
A CHANCE
TO PROVE
HIMSELF
RIGHT!







THE DOOR'S
OPEN...OH,
LOOK!

I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK TWICE
TO KNOW HE'S DEAD! THERE'S
A BULLET-HOLE IN HIS
FOREHEAD!

HOLY
COW!





IN THE ADJOINING ROOM...

WHAT'S THAT? WE PUT THE BODIES OF BEN OLIVER AND THE DAKE IN THE VAT—LET'S CLEAR OUT!

THE DAKE SURE DID A SWELL JOB OF POSING AS THE KENNEDY DAKE... TOO BAD WE HAD TO BUMP HER OFF, TOO... AND WHAT ABOUT LINETT, THE GUY THE BOSS BUMPED OFF? MAYBE WE OUGHT TO PUT HIS CORPSE IN THE VAT, TOO?

YOU'VE PUT YOURSELVES... IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



THE FISH! UGH!

THE NEXT SOUND YOU MAKE IS TO TELL ME THE NAME OF YOUR BOSS!



NAH! WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY SURE LOOKED LIKE KILLERS!

THEY ARE! THE SAME MOB THAT KILLED BEN OLIVER AND NABBED ME! THEY'RE WORKING FOR SOMEBODY HIGHER UP! I'LL GET THEM OUT OF THE VAT AND THEY WILL TALK NOW!

WOW!

THEY'VE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY! THIS LIQUID SMELLS LIKE ACID!

CREEPING CREEPY! THE STRONGEST OF ALL-HYDRO-ACID! IT DISSOLVES EVERYTHING ON TOUCH! NO WONDER THEY DISPOSED OF THE CORPSES HERE! DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!

THOSE KILLERS DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT! BUT NOW HOW'RE WE GOING TO FIND OUT WHO THEIR BOSS IS?

NAH... I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I HEARD ONE OF THEM SAY THAT THE BOSS KILLED LINETT! SWEEP! GET EVERYONE HERE! THE AUNT, CARTER, LARRY BATTEN! I'M GOING TO TRAP THE MURDERER!



A HALF HOUR
LATER...

I CAN'T STAND THIS!
WHY HAVE YOU CALLED
US HERE?

TO WATCH ME TAKE A
PICTURE OF THE MUR-
DERED MAN'S EYES!
HE WAS SHOT IN THE
FOREHEAD! THAT MEANS
HE SAW HIS KILLER JUST
BEFORE HE DIED! A DEAD
PERSON'S EYES HOLD THE
LAST PICTURE ON WHICH
THEY FOCUSED!



NOW, AS SOON AS I DEVELOP THE FILM,
I'LL KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS...DON'T
LET ANYONE OUT OF THIS ROOM, SHERIFF!

YOU'RE NOT
STOPPING ME!
I'M LEAVING
NOW!



LARRY
BATTEN!

YES, I KILLED LINETT—AND
ENGINEERED ALL THE REST!
TRY TO STOP ME NOW—AND
I'LL SHOOT!

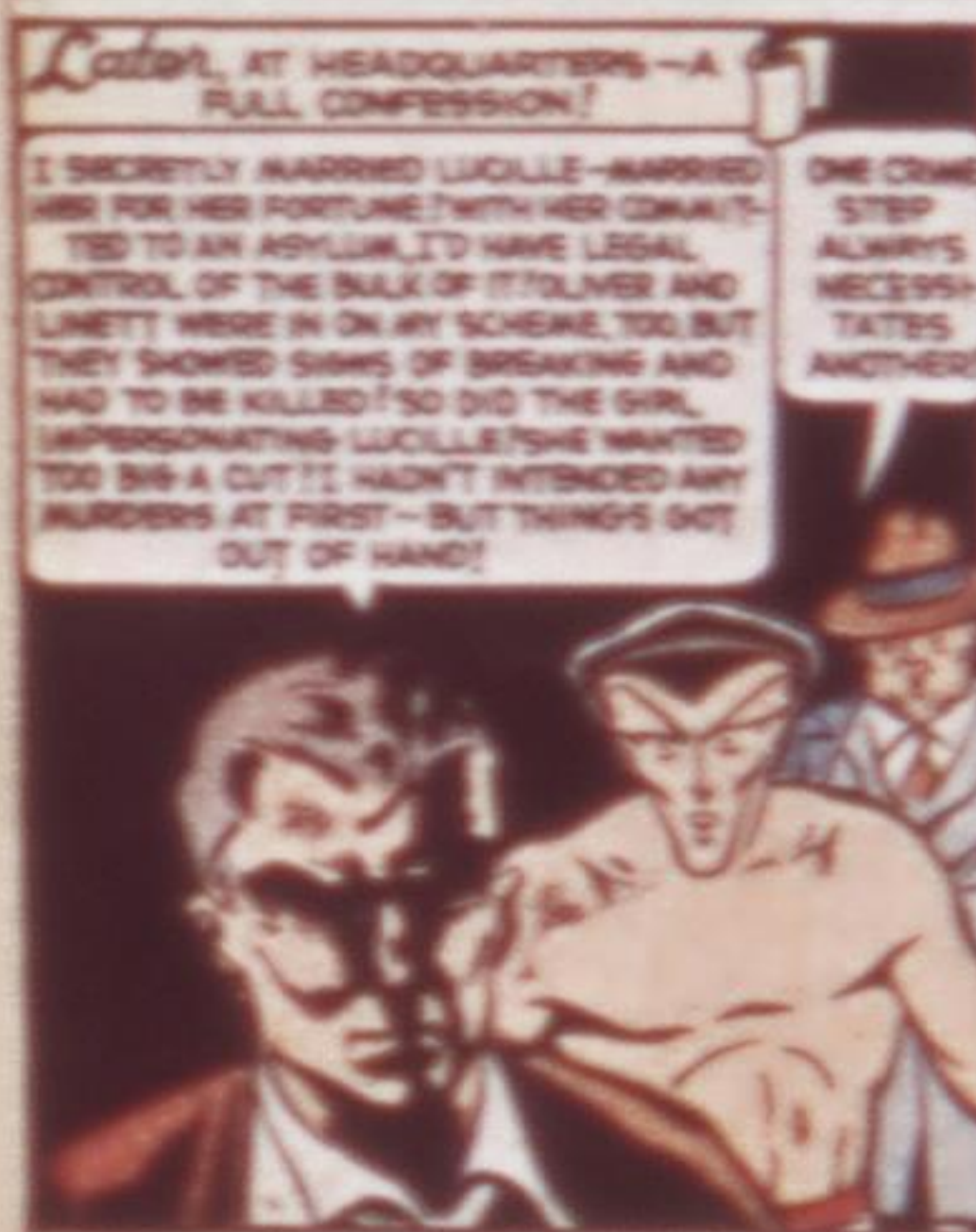
I'LL HAVE TO DO
SOME SHOOTING,
TOO...



A DEFT METEORIC MOVE...

O.K., SHERIFF! PICK HIM
UP—WITH HANDCUFFS!
AND GET LUCILLE OUT
OF HAPPY LAND!

YOU BET I WILL! BUT
WHY'D HE DO IT?



Later, AT HEADQUARTERS—A
FULL CONFESSION!

I SECRETLY MARRIED LUCILLE—MARRIED
HER FOR HER FORTUNE! WITH HER COMMIT-
TED TO AN ASYLUM, I'D HAVE LEGAL
CONTROL OF THE BULK OF IT! OLIVER AND
LINETT WERE IN ON MY SCHEME, TOO, BUT
THEY SHOWED SIGNS OF BREAKING AND
HAD TO BE KILLED! SO DID THE GIRL
IMPERSONATING LUCILLE! SHE WANTED
TOO BIG A CUT! I HADN'T INTENDED ANY
MURDERS AT FIRST—BUT THINGS GOT
OUT OF HAND!

ONE CRIME
STEP
ALWAYS
NECESSI-
TATES
ANOTHER!



AND ANOTHER THING, BATTEN,
YOU WERE HOAXED INTO CON-
FESSING! DEAD EYES DON'T
HOLD ANY FOCUS—BUT I HAD
AN IDEA THAT THE GUILTY
PERSON WOULD FALL FOR THE
GAB!

YOU? MY MEN
SHOULD HAVE
KILLED YOU
INSTEAD OF
TRYING TO DRIVE
YOU CRAZY?

CRAZY LIKE A
FOX—THAT'S OUR
HABOR!

THE END

ACCIDENTLY ON PURPOSE

THERE was nothing clever at all about the murder Nick committed. It was a little out of his line although there had been a couple of times, back in the States, when he'd had to rub several stubborn guys out. But for the most part Nick's business had consisted of acquiring things that didn't belong to him, and selling them to someone else, a fence of course, for a price that would bring a profit.

But old Cy Crippler was a different proposition. Nick killed to get the cache of dust the old man had hidden. He'd been a friendly, trusting old guy and Nick hadn't had any trouble learning where he'd kept it. He certainly hadn't suspected Nick of being anyone but a gentleman badly in need of a rest. It had been comparatively easy for Nick to dispose of the body. He'd taken pains to bury it deep, with a generous layer of rocks and earth on top so the wild animals wouldn't dig the old man up. Which might have been embarrassing, although Nick couldn't quite see how.

He slept well nights. He allowed himself a good rest. There were at least three weeks until the winter began to sweep in. By that time he'd have worked his way out to the coast and would be completely safe.

BUT THAT week end Bruce showed up. Bruce was an old timer who had lived and grown up with the country, and knew it almost as well as he knew his own personal belongings. His rusty whiskers looked as if they were standing on end, the afternoon he dragged the canoe up onto the sand and came to the cabin.

"Cy around?" Bruce wanted to know, eyeing Nick coldly. "I came to see him on business."

Nick didn't bat an eye. He hadn't expected this but he was prepared for any emergency. He said calmly, "Cy's gone. If I'm not mistaken he was going down river to the village. Wanted to see you about something." Nick grinned then added casually, "Probably the same business deal. Funny you didn't meet up on the way."

Bruce nodded. "Funny, alright. But Cy wasn't

anywhere on the river. Okay, mister. Thanks. I'll see if I can find him."

So Bruce tramped away. For the rest of the afternoon Nick lounged about camp, taking it easy, refusing to get excited. First of all he'd been very careful to hide the place where Cy was planted. It would be a miracle if Bruce discovered the grave.

That evening Bruce returned, swathed in mosquito netting to protect him from mosquitoes and other insects. He looked grim and unyielding. "Cy show up?" he wanted to know.

"You don't see him, do you?" Nick snapped. "Anything wrong with your eye-sight? Take a look around."

Bruce offered a cold stare, and made no further comment. Uneasily Nick rolled in and went to sleep.

NEXT day Nick knew Bruce was here to stay until he had accomplished his purpose. Eventually he might even stumble upon the grave of Cy Crippler. So perhaps, Nick decided it would be better to move before that happened.

Nick had obtained first-hand information concerning the surrounding country from Cy Crippler. He had a map and compass. Once he reached Gravesend Bay on the coast and caught a steamer out, he'd be safe. Although he had come here ostensibly to bury himself for several years, the cache he had would be worth the risk.

By noon the following day Nick had set his plans. But Bruce upset them by appearing ahead of time from his search of the surrounding hills. He stalked into the middle of the cabin, and fixed Nick with cold blue eyes.

"I found Cy," Bruce growled, his voice heavy and threatening. "Looks like you done the job, Nick. You and I are going to make the trip down river to the Barracks. They'll want to know what happened!"

For a brief moment Nick hesitated, struggling for composure, getting his thoughts in order. He didn't relish the idea of a second murder. Besides, Bruce carried a revolver strapped to his hip. He was an old timer but Nick had noticed

that he was steady as rock and fast. It wouldn't do to try to out-draw him. Not now.

"You're crazy," Nick snarled. "You can't pin it on me. I don't know anything about it."

"You'll have to make the Mounted Police believe that. Scratch ceiling, mister. I'll take that hardware."

Nick had no choice. After that Bruce made a thorough search of the cabin, collected all other fire arms he found. He emptied them of shells, lugged them outside.

"We'll leave in the morning," Bruce announced. "Early."

BUT BRUCE slipped up. Nick had waited and hoped he might, although it seemed too much to count on. Bruce went down to the canoe. He was, Nick saw from the lean-to window, packing the supplies.

Hurriedly Nick collected a scattering of grub, the cache he'd killed Cy for, and slipped out the back way. He raced into the depths of the forest, crouched briefly to peer back. He had made good his escape. Bruce wasn't in sight.

It was the middle of the afternoon by then. By evening Nick had covered what seemed a considerable distance, judging by the way his feet and legs felt. He wasn't used to this sort of thing but he had no choice.

He cooked and ate supper. Night came on fast and it was cold. Nick rolled up in the blanket he had brought but he couldn't sleep. In no time at all he heard the buzz of mosquitoes. Pulling the blanket over his head worked for a while. He fell asleep. During his sleep he must have automatically thrown the covering off.

His face was burning with the bites of the insects. The fire had gone out. He was cold and stiff. Cumbersomely Nick rolled out, started the fire again. It did little to drive the insects away. He tried pulling the blanket over him again. The earth was damp and chill. His body began to ache and there was something else in the back of his mind he had not known till now.

Fear.

THE silence of the vast forest hemming him in was like nothing else he'd ever experienced before. He found himself holding his breath, trying to catch some sound other than the wind in the towering trees, the owls, the incessant buzz of insects. The fire died down. Its friendly crackle gone, Nick came out of hiding to scrape up branches and twigs. In a short time it burned out again. Once more he felt fear squirming inside him, but he set his teeth grimly and pulled

the blanket over him again and tried to sleep.

The night was a failure. By morning Nick was desperate. His face and hands and ankles were a mass of welts made by the mosquitoes during the night. He could hardly see.

During the day he discovered they were almost as bad. By noon it was getting the best of him and he stopped to rest. It was all he could do to get started again. He had scratched his face and hands and arms until they were a mass of sores. He couldn't stand it. He had brought nothing to put on them to take away the burn and itch.

A SECOND night of torture followed. By morning he was frantic. His mind was slipping. He heard himself laughing and crying, cursing feebly at the insects that seemed to be surrounding him in an increasing swarm. Eventually they would kill him. . . .

Nick turned back. It was late the following day when he stumbled from the woods and lurched toward the cabin. He was almost at the door, was babbling Bruce's name. . . .

Bruce appeared, his face hard and grim. He swung the revolver from his holster.

"Stay right there," Bruce ordered. "You're not coming in here."

"I've got to!" Nick screamed. "They're killing me."

"We'll have a look at Cy first," Bruce growled. "Go ahead. Lead the way!"

Nick led. Up the river and off into the woods to the little knoll overlooking the river. He climbed it, clawing his way desperately through the woods and down into the ravine—

He paused, staring through eyes almost swollen shut. This was where he had buried Cy Crippler. Here. . . .

"You—you—" Nick babbled frenziedly. "You told me you'd found him! You made me believe—"

"You're correct," Bruce admitted grimly, the gun held unwaveringly in his hand. "I let you believe I knew, mister. I wanted you to do just what you did. Go chasing off into the hills. I knew you'd be back—"

Everything went black and Nick sank to the earth. Through a cloud of blackness he heard Bruce saying, "I knew they'd drive you back again. It's an old trick of the law-makers, mister. They've cracked tougher men than you'll ever be. I had to get Cy's cache and find where you'd buried him. We'll go back now. You've showed me all I wanted to know, mister!"

THE END

SUB-MARINER



AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT
CRACKPOT NOAH CRANE
TOOK UPON HIS ARK SOME OF
THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST FOOLS!
AND INSTEAD OF ANIMALS,
TWO BY TWO, THERE SNEAKED
INTO NOAH'S ARK, A GANG
OF HUMAN HYENAS
BENT ON 40 DAYS AND
40 NIGHTS OF ROBBERY
AND MURDER! HOW
SUB-MARINER
FIGHTS BOTH FOOLS
AND KNAVES IS THE
WONDROUS TALE OF
"NOAH'S ARK!"

SUBMARINER PASSES NEW YORK CITY'S COLUMBUS CIRCLE, THE ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE THE RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH IS FULLY EXERCISED....

BEWARE! BEWARE! THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END! SAVE YOURSELVES BY SAILING WITH ME TO THE SOUTH POLE!

AW, DRY UP, YOU OLD CRACKPOT!

SO NOAH CRANE'S AN OLD CRACKPOT, BUT WAIT TILL THE FLOODS COME, MISTER! YOU'LL BE DROWNING WHILE FOLLOWERS WILL BE SAFE AND SNUG IN NOAH'S ARK, A-FLOATING DOWN TO THE SOUTH POLE!

THIS'LL SHUT YOU UP!

SO YA WANT FLOODS? WELL, HERE'S A FLOOD OF TOMATO JUICE!

NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO STOP SOMEONE ELSE'S FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION, NO MATTER HOW SILLY IT MAY SOUND!

THERE GO YOUR FALSE TEETH, HECKLER!

OWW!

THANKS, SUBMARINER! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN MY CAUSE—WAIT TILL MY DISCIPLES HEAR YOU'RE WITH US!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, NOAH, BUT I'M NOT WITH YOU—I'M WITH THE PRINCIPLE OF FREE SPEECH!



BUT SUBMARINER, THE FINEST PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THE SOUTH POLE WITH ME! WHY DON'T YOU COME TO MY RALLY AT HARBEGY HALL TONIGHT?...MAYBE I CAN CONVINCE YOU THERE!

ALL RIGHT, NOAH I'LL COME... I'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT IT!

at HARBEGY HALL

NOW REMEMBER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE LEAVE TOMORROW NIGHT!

WHEN! TO THINK THIS FANATIC COULD INFLUENCE SUCH AN INTELLECTUAL-LOOKING CROWD!



POSTAGE, SHORTLY AFTER...

WELL, SUBMARINER, ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW? THE ONLY ANSWER TO AN EVIL WORLD IS TO ESCAPE FROM IT! FLEE WITH US!

I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU, NOAH! BUT HAVING SO MANY WEALTHY PEOPLE ABOARD WITH THEIR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS IS A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY - SO, I'LL JUST GO ALONG TO SEE IT DOESN'T GO ON THE ROCKS!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE DOCK...

THAT LITTLE BEAUTY HASN'T EVEN A RADIO OR WIRELESS ABOARD - NOT A SINGLE CONNECTION WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD! ISN'T THAT MARVELOUS?

TIME WILL TELL, NOAH!



WHILE AMONG THE ONLOOKING CROWD...

WOW, BOSS, LOOK AT DEM SWELLS! WID ALL DAT DOUGH AND JOOLS! DIS NOAH GUY'S SURE GOT A RACKET!

WHO CARES ABOUT WID RACKET? I GOT A LITTLE IDEA OF MY OWN! AN IDEA THAT OUR SHIP'S ABOUT TO COME IN!

1205



I AIN'T SO SURE, BOSS!
SUBMARINER'S TERRIFIC!
NOW HE'S RACING A
FLYING FISH!

WE'LL TRAP SUBMARINER!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE
CAN'T LIVE 24 HOURS
WITHOUT WATER!

ANOR BEATS A FLYING FISH
AT ITS OWN GAME!



AFTER THE
SWIMMING
EXHIBITION...

WHAT TIME
YOU GOT,
JONESTY?

THREE
O'CLOCK!

OOOO!
L-LOOK OUT!

THIS IS ODD, TOO,
BUT IT ISN'T
FUNNY! A REAL
SAILOR WOULD
NEVER DO THAT!

THAT'S FUNNY! A
SAILOR NEVER
SAYS THREE
O'CLOCK! HE SAYS
6 BELLS!

WHAT KIND OF A SAILOR
ARE YOU? DON'T YOU
KNOW BETTER THAN TO
THROW THINGS TO
WINDWARD?

YOU DON'T
SAY, SO—
SIR?

NICE POOLS, LADY!
CAN I SEE THEM?

UH-OH!
TROUBLE!



HELP!





HIT THE DECK,
YOU SHAB!



SORRY I HAD TO DROP
YOU IN THE DRINK,
MATEY— BUT MAYBE
IT'LL COOL YOUR HOT-
HEADED IMPULSES!



SHOULD I GIVE IT
TO HIM NOW, BOSS?

NOT YET, CURLY!
NOT YET! THAT
IDiot SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER THAN TO
MAKE A GRAB
FOR HIS PEARLS!



SEE THAT ISLAND OUT
THERE, SUBMARINER?
IT'S CALLED DISAPPEAR-
ING ISLAND! THE OCEAN
COVERS IT AT NIGHT!

NEVER MIND
THAT, NOAH!
I'VE GOT SOME-
THING SERIOUS TO
TELL YOU— YOU'VE
GOT A PHONY
CREW!



THE MILLIONAIRES AND THE
WEALTH THEY TOOK ABOARD
WITH THEM ARE CROOK BAIT!



NOW THAT YOU
MENTION IT,
THEY DON'T
LOOK LIKE THE
MEN I HIRED!



BOYS, IT'S TIME TO STRIKE!
HURRY... BEFORE THEY KNOW
WE'VE TAKEN OVER!







BYE-BYE, SUCKERS!
AND THANKS FOR
YOUR KINDLY
DONATIONS!

IF YOU'RE GET
THIRSTY, DON'T
WORRY-WE'LL SOON
BE 'SHAKIN' IN
WATER... SALT
WATER, HAH!



MY FRIENDS, WE CAN'T ESCAPE THE
TROUBLES OF THE WORLD! INSTEAD
OF REACHING THE SOUTH POLE
SAFELY, WE NOW FACE DEATH!

O-DEATH!



YES! WE ARE ON DISAPPEARING ISLAND... BY EVENING,
THIS ENTIRE ISLAND WILL BE FIFTY FEET UNDER
THE SEA!



Oh THE SAME TIME,
ABOARD THE ARK...

WHA! SEE THAT DARK
CLOUD COMING UP? THAT
MEANS A TYPHOON'S COMING!

SO WHAT? WE
CAN HANDLE
THIS SHIP!



THE SHIP'S PITCHING LIKE A CORN
MUST BE A GALE BLUING! SAY-
THAT ROLLING PIPE GIVES ME AN
IDEA!



WITH THIS PIPE, I CAN REACH THE
STEAM VALVE LEVER! I'LL FILL
THE ROOM WITH STEAM SO HOT...



And BACK
ON THE ARK!

LOOSE AND AT
YOUR SERVICE!

YBOW!
HE'S
LOOSE!

...OR DOES MY SERVICE
MAKE YOU NERVOUS?

BANG!

HAPPY
LANDINGS!

I DON'T LIKE
YOUR FACE!

WARD
HEADS
THE ARK
AROUND...
AND SOON...

LOOK! THE ARK
RETURNED! IT'S A
MIRACLE!

SPLATT!



SAVED! WE'RE
SAVED!

I KNEW MY DREAM
WAS TRUE! I
KNEW THE ARK
WOULDN'T FAIL ME!

YOU MEAN I
DIDN'T FAIL
YOU, NOAH?
YOUR EXPE-
DITION AND
ALL EXPE-
DITIONS LIKE
YOURS ARE
DOOMED TO
FAILURE!

THE
ISLAND'S
GONE!

AND EVERYBODY ON
BOARD THIS SHIP
WOULDN'T HAVE GONE WITH
IT! IT'S A WARNING TO
YOU! FACE THE PRO-
BLEMS OF LIFE! DON'T
RUN AWAY FROM THEM!



ESCAPE FROM THE WORLD IS CONSIDERED IN
FACT, YOU ALMOST DIED ESCAPING! IT'S
UP TO YOU PEOPLE! HAVE YOU THE COURAGE
TO RETURN TO THE WORLD OR WILL YOU SNEAK
OFF TO THE SOUTH POLE? YOU'RE ON YOUR
OWN NOW!



I WONDER WHETHER
THEY WILL GO HOME?
I'LL SOON KNOW!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, SUBMARINER
HAPPENS BY COLUMBUS CIRCLE...

SEEMS THAT THOSE PEOPLE
DID GET SOME SENSE AT
LAST! HA! WISH I COULD
SAY THE SAME FOR OLD NOAH.
HE'S AT IT AGAIN!

FLEE... FLEE
WITH ME!

HELLO, SUBMARINER! YOU KNOW
WHY MY LAST EXPEDITION
FAILED? I DIDN'T GO TO THE
NORTH POLE! THIS TIME I'LL
SUCCEED! YESSIR!

I GIVE UP,
NOAH! YOU'RE
JUST IMPOSS-
IBLE! THE LUCKY
THING IS THAT
YOU'LL SOON BE
RUNNING OUT
OF POLES!

timed for **TEENS...**

And no wonder!

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THE ANGEL

ANGEL UNCOVERS THE FARCE
OF THE CENTURY... IN WHICH
EVEN THE CORPSE CAN'T TELL
THE TRUTH!

IT'S A HERD AND MODERN
FAIRY TALE WHOSE MORAL IS
"HASTE MAKES HASTE" IN
THE CASE OF

**"THE TWO-
FACED
CORPSE"**



WE FIND ANGEL PACKING IN PREPARATION FOR A WELL-EARNED VACATION...

AHH! FOR TEN WHOLE DAYS I WON'T HAVE TO THINK OF MURDER AND MAYHEM! I'LL JUST BASK IN THE... OH-OH... A KNOCK! I'M GONNA MAKE LIKE THE LITTLE MAN WHO ISN'T HERE!



IT'S STOPPED--BUT WHAT'S THIS? IT SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL--CRYING!!!



WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE SIS--FLUNK YOUR EXAMS?

PLEASE, ARE YOU THE ANGEL? IF YOU ARE... I...I... NEED YOUR HELP BADLY!!



I'VE STILL GOT TIME TO CATCH THAT TRAIN. I CAN LISTEN ANYWAY!

I'M CAROL BROWN... MY GRANDFATHER A RETIRED COUNTRY DOCTOR... SUDDENLY CAME INTO QUITE A BIT OF MONEY... AND THEN THREE DAYS AGO HE DISAPPEARED!!



UHM--DON'T GET MAD, BUT...

OH, HE DIDN'T STEAL IT! HE'S THE SOUL OF INTEGRITY! I'VE ALREADY BEEN TO THE POLICE--THEY SAY IT MIGHT TAKE YEARS TO SOLVE THIS CASE--THAT'S WHY I'VE COME TO YOU!



SO... IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. WHAT ARE YOU TEARING?

A FEW TRAVEL COVERS I WON'T NEED! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR GRANDFATHER'S ROOM!







HAHA... PLASTIC SURGERY!

HE ONCE WROTE AN ARTICLE FOR A MEDICAL MAGAZINE DESCRIBING A PERSONAL THEORY...



...OF A COMPLETE RACIAL JOB... BUT IT WAS LAUGHED AT... TOO RADICAL, THEY SAID!

I SEE! WELL... I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO!



ACCORDING TO THE PAPER, VANDERBLOOM'S FUNERAL SHOULD BE TODAY! IF I HURRY I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO SEE THE BODY!

TAKE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AM I IN TIME, BU?

GO ON IN, ANGEL!



IT'S THE OLD BOY!

WELL, I'M SURPRISED TO MEET THE OLD COOT!

HE'S THE ONE WHO...

THAT WAS THE OLD BOY ALL RIGHT... JUST WANTED TO SEE FOR MYSELF! WHO "SAY EYES" MUST BE DIFFERENT... WHO DOES NOT LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO'S JUST INHERITED THREE MILLION DOLLARS... HAHA!



THE END

AFTER THE FUNERAL,
ANGEL DECIDES TO
WITCH A RIDE BACK.

THIS IS THE BUTLER'S CAR.
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO
IT, BUT IT WILL SAVE
A LOT OF TIME!



ALL-IM A NEWSRADER
MAN. I'D LIKE TO
INTERVIEW THE NEW
MASTER!

SORRY,
BUD!
CAN'T
YOU
READ?



WE'RE STOPPING!
THIS IS WHERE
I GET OFF!



SO! DETERS IS DETERMINED
TO KEEP THE FAMOUS VANDERBLOOM
ARMED-GUARD REGIMENT. I'D
BETTER GET OFF THESE ONES...



"IF I'M GOING
TO ENTER" ANGEL
STYLE!"



YIPE!
WOLF
HOUNDS!



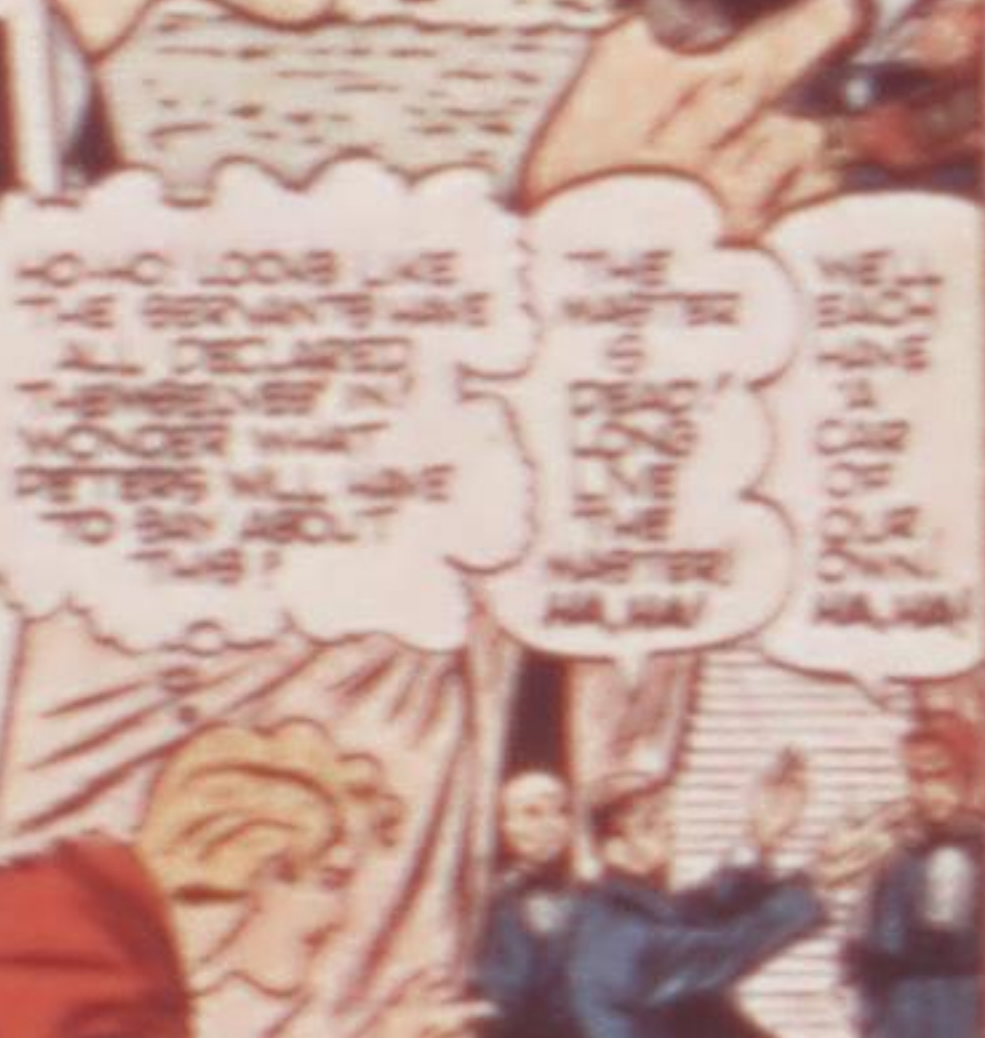


WHAT WERE
THE DOGS
AFTER CLARK?

BLASTED NUT!
JUST ANOTHER
SQUIRREL!



GOOD TO GO!
FOR A BOUNTY
ON A NUT!



TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!

TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
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TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!
TOO GOOD!



ANGEL DOES NOT HAVE
LONG TO WAIT...

HERE!
WHAT
IS
THAT?

AW! COME OFF
DEITY!
YOU'RE AS GLAD
TO SEE THE
OLD BUZZARD
OUT OF THE WAY
AS WE ARE!



OHON! GIVE
YOUR LIL
SWEETIE A
CREAT BIG
KISS!

CONFOUND
YOU!



CONFOUND YOU ALL!
I'LL HAVE RESPECT FOR
MR. VANDERBLOOM IF
I HAVE TO RULE WITH
AN IRON HAND!

LATER

DON'T WORRY COME HERE... I'M A FRIEND!

OH!

○

1000

卷之四

I MAY BE ABLE TO
HELP YOU! DON'T TELL
ANYONE I'VE BEEN
STUCK OUT AND KILLING
THINGS! I'LL NEED IT
FOR MY PURPOSE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE UP
TO, WARRIOR, BUT
HOWEVER I FEEL,
I CAN TRUST YOU!

AS THE ANGEL LEAVES THE
WANDERBLOOM ESTATE...

...A DERTY LITTLE FIGURE TRIES
TO ENTER THE GROUNDS AT
THE FRONT...

I WATCHED HIM DO
IT... I THINK I
CAN DO AS WELL!



—were!
I've...
Oww!

**GRAB
HIER!**

上海中華書局

COME ALONG
MIST



Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it **GLOWS** in the DARK!

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK
TIE... BY NIGHT, A CALL
TO LOVE IN GLOWING
WORDS!

MEN... BOYS... Now amaze your
friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you
meet! Be different and the life of the party
in any crowd! Here's the most amazing
spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a

smart wrinkle-proof, tailored crest, which at night is a thrilling sen-
sation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems
like a necktie of compelling allure these magic! Like a miracle of light
there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN
THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause!

There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish gimmicks,
but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wind
of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's
new... utterly different... a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful
news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk... just mail the
coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine... Let It Talk To You... ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high
class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color com-
bination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it taste-
fully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect
to pay \$2.00 or even \$2.50 for this crest just for daytime wear. But now, if
you act quick, under this special **INTRODUCTORY OFFER**, you will have
this marvelous, breath-taking **GLOW IN THE DARK** sensation for only
\$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars
worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, as aid to love! Send no money,
here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of
your **GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE**, you simply pay postman \$1.49,
plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine.
See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not
wager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that
a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

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delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want 3 Kiss Me Neckties for \$4.47... Check Here []

If you want one Glowing Gorgeous Kiss Me Necktie for \$1.49... Check Here []

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

A
SMART
TIE BY DAY



AT
NIGHT
A MAGIC
TIE



IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS
OF FUN!



Building This AM SIGNAL GENERATOR gives you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experiment purposes.

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with 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts I Send You

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